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And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

The Abbot. By the Author of 'Waverley.' 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1066. London and Edinburgh, 1820.

THE 'Abbot' was published on Monday last, and we lose no time in making our readers acquainted,—we hope intimately acquainted,—with the last production of the author of 'Waverley.' We are aware that we may be told we are only second in the field. To this we plead guilty, nor would we barter our independence for the patronage of the Leviathan of Paternoster Row, nor the 'anticipatory inspections' with which our contemporary may be favoured. We can appeal to our readers, during a period of nearly eighteen months that the LITERARY CHRONICLE has lived and flourished, for the promptitude with which every new publication of value and of interest has been noticed in our pages.

But for the 'Abbot.'—It would be a waste of time to enter into a new discussion on the authorship of the celebrated novels of which the 'Abbot' forms a part; and although an attempt has lately been made to prove that they are written by a Scottish clergyman who left Edinburgh many years ago, yet the assertion is so unsupported by evidence, that there is no reason for attributing them to any other author than him to whom public opinion has long assigned the honour—Sir Walter Scott.

The 'Abbot' is a sequel of the 'Monastery,' published a few months ago, and some of the most prominent characters in it are retained. The 'Abbot' is a romance, and, like 'Waverley,' is more remarkable for its striking and powerful descriptions, than for the interest of the story. The author, however, with his accustomed fondness for blending historical facts with tales of fiction, has, in the present instance, interwoven the history of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, and that so successfully, that we suspect it will be more read than all the previous narratives on the subject.

In the 'Abbot,' the history of Sir Halbert Glendening and Lady Avenel is taken up ten years after their marriage, as related in the 'Monastery.' Two circumstances embittered their union, which was otherwise happy, these were,—the distracted state of the country, when every man's sword was directed against his neighbour's bosom, which compelled Sir Halbert, who was high in favour with the Regent Murray, to be long absent from his castle and his lady. The second cause of unhappiness was,—that the union of Sir Halbert and Lady Avenel had produced no children. This much affected her, and she often exclaimed, 'with me the name of Avenel must expire!'

One evening, during the absence of Sir Halbert, as Lady Avenel was promenading on the battlements in front of the castle, she observed some boys venturing a little ship, constructed by some village artist, on the lake. It

struck among some tufts of water lily, at some distance from the shore. A hardy little boy ventured to swim towards the object of common solicitude; but failing in strength, he would have been drowned, but for the timely interference of Wolf, a greyhound belonging to the Lady Avenel. The child thus rescued, was conveyed to the castle, and every mode was resorted to for his recovery, which was effected principally by the watchful exertions of the Lady Avenel. As this child proves a very important personage in the following pages, we quote the first notice of him:—

'He seemed about ten years old. His dress was of the meanest sort, but his long curled hair, and the noble cast of his features, partook not of that poverty of appearance. The proudest noble in Scotland might have been yet prouder could he have called that child his heir. While, with breathless anxiety, the Lady of Avenel gazed on his well-formed and expressive features, a slight shade of colour returned gradually to the cheek; suspended animation became restored by degrees, the child sighed deeply, opened his eyes, which to the human countenance produces the effect of light upon the natural landscape, stretched his arms towards the lady, and muttered the word "Mother,"—that epithet, of all others, which is dearest to the female ear.

"God, madam," said the preacher, "has restored the child to your wishes; it must be yours so to bring him up, that he may not one day wish that he had perished in his innocence."

"It shall be my charge," said the lady; and again throwing her arms around the boy, she overwhelmed him with kisses and caresses, so much was she agitated by the terror arising from the danger in which he had been just placed, and by joy at his unexpected deliverance.

"But you are not my mother," said the boy, collecting his recollection, and endeavouring, though faintly, to escape from the caresses of the Lady of Avenel; "you are not my mother—alas! I have no mother—only I have dreamt that I had one."

"I will read the dream for you, my love," answered the Lady of Avenel; "and I will be myself your mother. Surely God has heard my wishes, and, in his own marvellous manner, hath sent me an object on which my affections may expand themselves?" She looked towards Warden as she spoke. The preacher hesitated what he should reply to a burst of passionate feeling, which, perhaps, seemed to him more enthusiastic than the occasion demanded. In the meanwhile, the large stag-hound, Wolf, which, dropping wet as he was, had followed his mistress into the apartment, and had sat by the bed-side a patient and quiet spectator of all the means used for resuscitation of the being whom he had preserved, now became impatient of remaining any longer unnoticed, and began to whine and fawn upon the lady with his great rough paws.

"Yes," she said, "good Wolf, and you shall be remembered also for your day's work; and I will think the more of you for having preserved the life of a creature so beautiful."

The child's friends were sought after, and he was found to belong to an old English woman, who had resided a

short time in the hamlet, of the name of Magdalen Græme, a sort of mysterious personage, who acknowledged the child as her grandson. On the proposal of the Lady Avenel to take the child and bring it up, the old woman felt much offended,—

“If,” said Lady Avenel, “your grandchild could be received into a noble family, would it not advantage both him and you?”

“Received into a noble family!” said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead was wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity; “and for what purpose, I pray you?—to be my lady’s page, or my lord’s jackman, to eat broken victuals and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master’s meal? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady’s face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to hand her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horse-back, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists, and to be silent when she bids?—a very weathercock, which, though furnished in appearance with wings and plumage, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the spot where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, and performs all its revolutions, obedient to the changeful breath of a vain woman? When the eagle of Helvellyn perches on the tower of Lanercost, and turns and changes to shew how the wind sits, Roland Græme shall be what you would make him.”

The woman spoke with a rapidity and vehemence which seemed to have in it a touch of insanity; and a sudden sense of the danger to which the child must necessarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, increased the lady’s desire to keep him in the castle, if possible.

“You mistake me, dame,” she said, addressing the old woman in a soothing manner; “I do not wish your boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the good knight, my husband. Were he himself the son of a belted earl, he could not better be trained to arms, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the instructions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendinning.”

“Ay,” answered the old woman in the same style of bitter irony, “I know the wages of that service;—a curse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened,—a blow when the girth is not tightly drawn,—to be beaten because the hounds are at fault,—to be reviled because the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands, for the master’s bidding, in the blood alike of beast and of man,—to be a butcher of harmless deer,—a murderer and defacer of God’s own image, not at his own pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawling ruffian, and a common stabber,—exposed to heat, to cold, to want of food, to all the privations of an anchorite, not for the love of God, but for the service of Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure skirmish,—to sleep out his life in carnal security, and to awake in the eternal fire, which is never quenched.”

“Nay,” said the Lady of Avenel, “but to such unhal- lowed course of life your grandson will not be here exposed. My husband is just and kind to those who live under his banner; and you yourself well know, that youth have here a strict as well as a good preceptor, in the person of our chaplain.”

The old woman appeared to pause.

“You have named,” she said, “the only circumstance which can move me. I must soon onward, the vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same spot—I must on—I must on, it is my weird.—Swear, then, that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him. But especially swear, he shall not lack the instruction of the godly man who hath placed the gospel-truth high above these idolatrous shavelings, the monks and friars.”

“Be satisfied, dame,” said the Lady of Avenel; “the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?”

“No;” answered the old woman sternly; “to part is

enough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not soften my heart by useless tears and wailings, as one that is not called to a duty.”

Magdalen Græme quitted the castle and left the hamlet the next evening, wandering no one knew whither. Young Roland became a great favourite; he was, as the author artfully and poetically expresses it, ‘to the Lady Avenel, what the flower which occupies the window of some solitary captive, is to the poor wight by whom it is nursed and cultivated.’ Sir Halbert returned from the low countries, where he had been on a special mission. The knight was not well pleased with the fondness of his lady for the child, but he did not interfere with it. Henry Warden, the reformed preacher, shewed great dislike to the youth, but Sir Halbert’s brother, Edward, now Father Ambrose, paid him particular attention. When only seventeen years of age, Rowland shewed his haughty and overbearing disposition in a quarrel with Adam Woodcock, the falconer of Avenel, respecting his hawks, but Master Wingate appeased them. The character of this master of the household is admirably portrayed, as is also that of Lilius, the lady’s waitingmaid, who had agreed to tell her mistress of the fray:—

“In pursuance of her plan, Mistress Lilius failed not to present herself before her mistress with all the exterior of one who is possessed of an important secret,—that is, she had the corner of her mouth turned down, her eyes raised up, her lips pressed as fast together as if they had been sewed up, to prevent her blabbing, and an air of prim mystical importance diffused over her whole person and demeanour, which seemed to intimate, “I know something which I am resolved not to tell you.”

Lilius had rightly read her mistress’s temper, who, wise and good as she was, was yet a daughter of grandame Eve, and could not witness this mysterious bearing on the part of her waiting woman, without longing to ascertain the secret cause. For a space, Mrs. Lilius was obdurate to all inquiries, sighed, turned her eyes up higher yet to heaven, hoped for the best, but had nothing particular to communicate. All this, as was most natural and proper, only stimulated the lady’s curiosity; neither was her importunity to be paired with,—“Thank God, I am no make-bate—no tale-bearer,—thank God, I never envied any one’s favour, or was anxious to propale their mis- demeanour—only thank God, there has been no bloodshed and murder in the house—that is all.”

“Bloodshed and murder!” exclaimed the lady, “what does the quean mean?—if you speak not plain out, you shall have something you will scarce be thankful for.”

“Nay, my lady,” answered Lilius, eager to disburthen her mind, or, in Chaucer’s phrase, to ‘unbuckle her mail,’ “if you bid me speak out the truth, you must not be moved with what might displease you—Roland Græme has dirked Adam Woodcock—that is all.”

“Good heaven,” said the lady, turning pale as ashes, “is the man slain?”

“No, madam,” replied Lilius, “but slain he would have been, if there had not been ready help; but may be, it is your ladyship’s pleasure that this young esquire shall poniard the servants, as well as switch and batton them.”

“Go to, minion,” said the lady, “you are saucy—tell the master of the household to attend me instantly.”

Lilius hastened to seek out Mr. Wingate, and hurry him to his Lady’s presence, speaking as a word in season to him on the way, “I have set the stone a-trowling, look that you do not let it stand still.”

The steward, too prudential a person to commit himself otherwise, answered by a sly look and a nod of intelligence, and presently after stood in the presence of the Lady of Avenel, with a look of great respect for his lady, partly real,

partly affected, and an air of great sagacity, which inferred no ordinary conceit of himself.

"How is this, Wingate," said the lady, "and what rule do you keep in the castle, that the domestics of Sir Halbert Glendinning draw the dagger on each other, as in a cavern of thieves and murderers?—is the wounded man much hurt? and what—what hath become of the unhappy boy?"

"There is no one wounded as yet, madam," replied he of the golden chain; "it passes my poor skill to say how many may be wounded before Pasche, if some rule be not taken with this youth—not but the youth is a fair youth," he added, correcting himself, "and able at his exercise; but somewhat too ready with the ends of his fingers, the butt of his riding-switch, and the point of his dagger."

"And whose fault is that," said the lady, "but yours, who should have taught him better discipline, than to brawl or to draw his dagger?"

"If it please your ladyship so to impose the blame on me," answered the steward, "it is my part, doubtless, to bear it—only I submit to your consideration, that unless I nailed his weapon to the scabbard, I could no more keep it still, than I could fix quicksilver, which defied even the skill of Raymond Lullius."

"Tell me not of Raymond Lullius," said the lady, losing patience, "but send me the chaplain hither. You grow all of you too wise for me, during your lord's long and repeated absence. I would to God his affairs would permit him to remain at home and rule his own household, for it passes my wit and skill!"

The envious servants assisted by Warden, who preached a sermon on the subject, from these words, 'He who striketh with the sword shall perish by the sword,' procured the dismissal of the haughty Roland. The parting scene between the lady and Roland is finely wrought and highly affecting; and the one that follows, in which the domestics are enjoying their triumph, is equally natural and powerful.

The next morning Roland set out he knew not whither, and after encountering a peasant whom he had known, and the falconer Adam Woodcock, who forced him to accept ten Harry groats, he came to the cell of St. Cuthbert, where he passed the first night. Here he met his grandmother, Magdalen Græme, who devoted him to some mysterious service of the church of Rome.

Roland and Magdalen set out next morning and go to a ruinous convent, occupied by an abbess of the family of Seyton, and a young lady of the same family, of great personal charms and much vivacity. Roland and this lady, whose name is Catherine Seyton, having an interview, soon became acquainted with each other's private history. They have a subsequent interview, in which their attachment to each other is confessed, but they are compelled to part; Catherine, their aunt, proceeding towards the convent of St. Catherine, to which she was devoted, and Roland and Magdalen to the monastery of St. Mary, where they arrive during the election of Edward Glendinning to the office of abbot, under the name of Ambrosius. The account of this ceremony, and of that of the election of an abbot of Urrcason, is described very happily. Their merriment is however interrupted by the indignation of Magdalen Græme. The revellers were on the point of punishing Margaret very summarily, when Roland stuck his poignard into the body of the abbot of Urrcason, whose stuffed paunch however saved him. Sir Halbert Glendinning arrives at the time, and takes Roland Græme into his train. Magdalen gives her consent, and puts into his hands a small packet, of

which she enjoins him to take the strictest care, and suffer it to be seen by no one but Catherine Seyton.

Roland was sent by Sir Halbert on a mission to Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself in a fray between the Seytons and the Leslies, who had met in the very centre of the street, or as it was called 'the Crown of the Causeway, a post of honour as tenaciously asserted in Scotland as that of giving or taking the wall used to be in the more southern part of the island.' Roland sees Catherine Seyton in the street, and follows her to the house of Lord Seyton, where he had nearly suffered harm, but that he was recognized as having assisted his lordship in the fray with the Leslies.

It is now that this romance becomes blended with the political events of the period. These are so well known, that we shall rather quote the author's portraits of the principal personages than the narrative itself. The following is a brief sketch of the Regent Murray:—

'This distinguished statesman, for as such his worst enemies acknowledged him, possessed all the external dignity, as well as almost all the noble qualities, which could grace the power that he enjoyed; and had he succeeded to the throne as his legitimate inheritance, it is probable he would have been recorded as one of Scotland's wisest and greatest kings. But that he held his authority by the deposition and imprisonment of his sister and benefactress, was a crime which those only can excuse who think ambition an apology for ingratitude. He was dressed plainly in black velvet, after the Flemish fashion, and wore in his high-crowned hat a jewelled clasp, which looped it up on one side, and formed the only ornament of his apparel. He had his poniard by his side, and his sword lay on the council table.'

After two interviews with the Regent, Roland is appointed page to Queen Mary, and sets out to Loch Leven Castle, with the Lords Ruthven and Lindesay and Sir Robert Melville. Mary was at this time under the care of the lady of Lochleven, the mother of the Regent by James V., who entertained the most decided enmity to Mary. The following portrait of this unhappy woman will be read with much pleasure. She was in the garden, 'learning to perform the weary part of a prisoner,' when Roland was introduced to her:—

'She was followed in her slow and melancholy exercise by two female attendants; but in the first glance which Roland Græme bestowed upon one so illustrious by birth, so distinguished by her beauty, accomplishments, and misfortunes, he was sensible of the presence of no other than the unhappy Queen of Scotland.

'Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, that has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of any thing rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thou-

sand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swanlike neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed, we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary: and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful task was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty.

Dressed, then, in a deep mourning robe, and with all those charms of face, shape, and manner, with which faithful tradition has made each reader familiar, Mary Stuart advanced to meet the Lady of Lochleven, who, on her part, endeavoured to conceal dislike and apprehension under the appearance of respectful indifference. The truth was, that she had experienced repeatedly the Queen's superiority in that species of disguised yet cutting sarcasm, with which women can successfully avenge themselves, for real and substantial injuries. It may be well doubted, whether this talent was not as fatal to its possessor as the many others enjoyed by that highly gifted, but most unhappy female; for, while it often afforded her a momentary triumph over her keepers, it failed not to exasperate their resentment; and the satire and sarcasm in which she had indulged, were frequently retaliated by the deep and bitter hardships which they had the power of inflicting. It is well known that her death was at length hastened by a letter which she wrote to Queen Elizabeth, in which she treated her jealous rival, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, with the keenest irony and ridicule.

The rebel lords were soon admitted to an audience of the Queen:—

The Lord Ruthven proceeded to read a formal instrument, running in the Queen's name, and setting forth that she had been called at an early age to the administration of the crown and realm of Scotland, and had toiled diligently therein, until she was in body and spirit so wearied out and disgusted, that she was unable any longer to endure the travail and pain of state affairs; and that since God blessed her with a fair and hopeful son, she was desirous to ensure to him, even while she yet lived, his succession to the crown, which was his by right of hereditary descent. "Wherefore," the instrument proceeded, "we, of the motherly affection we bear to our said son, have renounced and demitted, and by these our letters of free good will, renounce and demit the crown, government, and guiding of the realm of Scotland, in favour of our said son, that he may succeed to us as native Prince thereof, as much as if we had been removed by decease, and not by our own proper act. And that this demission of our royal authority may have the more full and solemn effect, and none pretend ignorance, we give, grant, and commit, full and free and plain power to our trusty cousins, Lord Lindesay of the Byres, and William Lord Ruthven, to appear in our name before as many of the nobility, clergy, and burgesses, as may be assembled at Stirling, and there, in our name and behalf, publicly, and in their presence, to renounce the crown, guidance, and government of this our kingdom of Scotland."

The Queen here broke in with an air of extreme surprise.

"How is this, my lords?" she said; "Are my ears turned rebels, that they deceive me with sounds so extraordinary?—And yet it is no wonder that, having conversed so long with rebellion, they should now force its language upon my understanding.—Say I am mistaken, my lords—say, for the honour of yourselves and the Scottish nobility, my right trusty cousins of Lindesay and Ruthven, two barons of warlike fame and ancient line, have not sought the prison-house of their kind mistress for such a purpose as these words seem to imply. Say, for the sake of honour and loyalty, that my ears have deceived me."

"No, madam," said Ruthven gravely, "your ears do not deceive you—they deceived you when they were closed against the preachers of the evangele, and the honest advice of your faithful subjects; and when they were ever open to flattery of pick-thanks and traitors, foreign cubiculars, and domestic minions. The land may no longer brook the rule of one who cannot rule herself; wherefore, I pray you to comply with the last remaining wish of your subjects and counsellors, and spare yourself and us the further agitation of matter so painful."

"And is this all my loving subjects require of me, my lord?" said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. "Do they really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown, which is mine by birthright, to an infant, which is scarcely more than a year old—fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff—O no! it is too little for them to ask—That other roll of parchment contains something harder to be complied with, and which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petitions of my lieges."

"This parchment," answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument as he spoke, "is one by which your grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honourable and trust-worthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, Regent of the kingdom during the minority of the young King. He already holds the appointment from the secret council."

The Queen gave a sort of shriek, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Comes the arrow out of his quiver?—out of my brother's bow? Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole, at least my readiest, chance of deliverance. And yet, when I heard that he had assumed the government, I guessed he would shame to wield it in my name."

"I must pray your answer, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "to the demand of the council."

"The demand of the council!" said the Queen; "say rather the demand of a set of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, and sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp, but for my womanish mercy, should long since have stood on the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer."

"I trust, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may become you to remember that the death of the minion, Rizzio, cost the house of Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants, died in exile, and broken-hearted."

The Queen clasped her hands on her face, and resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and wept so bitterly, that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between the white and slender fingers with which she endeavoured to conceal them.

"My lords," said Sir Robert Melville, "this is too much rigour. Under your lordships' favour, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones."

"Sir Robert Melville," said Ruthven, "we best know for what purpose we were delegated hither, and wherefore you were somewhat unnecessarily sent to attend us."

"Nay, by my hand," said Lord Lindesay, "I know not why we were cumbered with the good knight, unless he comes in place of the lump of sugar which pothecars put into their wholesome but bitter medicaments, to please a froward child

—a needless labour, methinks, where men have the means to make them swallow the physic otherwise.”

“Nay, my lords,” said Melville, “ye best know your own secret instructions. I conceive I shall best obey mine in striving to mediate between her grace and you.”

“Be silent, Sir Robert Melville,” said the Queen, arising, and her face still glowing with agitation as she spoke. “My kerchief, Fleming—I shame that traitors should have power to move me thus.—Tell me, proud lords,” she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, “by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to challenge the rights of an anointed Sovereign—to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away the crown from the head on which divine warrant hath placed it?”

“Madam,” said Ruthven, “I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Pinkie-cleuch, when you were a babe in the cradle, till now, that ye stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions, and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and English have, of one consent, made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. For ourselves, every man’s hand hath been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion and slaughter, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons. We may endure it no longer, and, therefore, as a prince, to whom God hath refused the gift of hearkening to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm.”

“My lord,” said Mary, “it seems to me that you fling on my unhappy and devoted head those evils, which, with far more justice, I may impute to your own turbulent, wild, and untameable dispositions—the frantic violence with which you, the Magnates of Scotland, enter into feuds against each other, sticking at no cruelty to gratify your wrath, taking deep revenge for the slightest offences, and setting at defiance those wise laws which your ancestors made for staunching of such cruelty, rebelling against the lawful authority, and bearing yourselves as if there were no King in the land; or rather as if each were King in his own premises. And now you throw the blame on me—on me, whose life has been embittered—whose sleep has been broken—whose happiness has been wrecked by your dissensions. Have I not myself been obliged to traverse wilds and mountains, at the head of a few faithful followers, to maintain peace and to put down oppression? Have I not worn harness on my person, and carried pistols at my saddle; fain to lay aside the softness of a woman, and the dignity of a Queen, that I might show an example to my followers?”

While Roland, indignant at the insults and sufferings of his royal mistress, raised his sword in token of his readiness to use it in her defence, a paper dropped from it which Catherine Seyton, who was one of the Queen’s attendants, discovered to be a paper written by her father, and which advised the Queen to sign the renunciation. At this moment, the two envoys enter the apartment:—

“We come, madam,” said the Lord Ruthven, “to request your answer to the proposal of the council.”

“Your final answer,” said Lord Lindesay, “for with a refusal you must couple the certainty that you have precipitated your fate, and renounced the last opportunity of making peace with God, and ensuring your longer abode in the world.”

“My lords,” said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, “the evils we cannot resist we must submit to—I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty of choice as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet and ten good and loyal knights around me, I would subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation, as soon as the resignation of my throne. But here, in the castle of Lochle-

ven, with deep water around me—and you, my lords, beside me,—I have no freedom of choice. Give me the pen, Melville, and bear witness to what I do, and why I do it.”

“It is our hope your grace will not suppose yourself compelled, by any apprehensions from us,” said the Lord Ruthven, “to execute what must be your own voluntary deed.”

The Queen had already stepped towards the table, and placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the important act of signature. But when Lord Ruthven had done speaking, she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen. “If,” said she, “I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled to renounce it by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put my name to such an untruth—not to gain full possession of England, France, and Scotland, all once my own, in possession or by right.”

“Beware, madam,” said Lindesay; and snatching hold of the Queen’s arm with his own gauntleted hand, he pressed it, in the rudeness of his passion, more closely perhaps than he was himself aware of,—“beware how you contend with those who are the stronger, and have the mastery of your fate.”

He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried shame; and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apparent apathy, had made a stride from the door, as if to interfere. The rude Baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt at having indulged his passion to such extent, under a sullen and contemptuous smile.

The Queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm which he had grasped, by drawing up the sleeve of her gown, and it appeared that his grasp had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her flesh—“My lord,” she said, “as a knight and gentleman, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side, and are resolved to use it. But I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day’s business is to rest.—I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies,” she said, shewing the marks of the grasp on her arm, “that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign manual of my Lord of Lindesay, which you may see imprinted on mine arm.”

Lindesay would have spoken, but was restrained by his colleague Ruthven, who said to him, “Peace, my lord. Let the Lady Mary of Scotland ascribe her signature to what she will, it is our business to procure it, and to carry it to the council. Should there be debate hereafter on the manner in which it was adhibited, there will be time enough for it.”

Lindesay was silent accordingly, only muttering within his beard, “I meant not to hurt her; but I think women’s flesh be as tender as new-fallen snow.”

The Queen meanwhile subscribed the rolls of parchment with a hasty indifference, as if they had been matters of slight consequence, or of mere formality. When she had performed this painful task, she arose, and, having curtsied to the lords, was about to withdraw to her chamber. Ruthven and Sir Robert Melville made, the first a formal reverence, the second an obeisance, in which his desire to acknowledge his sympathy was obviously checked by the fear of appearing in the eyes of his colleagues too partial to his former mistress. But Lindesay stood motionless, even when they were preparing to withdraw. At length, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he walked round the table which had hitherto been betwixt them and the Queen, kneeled on one knee, took her hand, kissed it, let it fall, and arose—“Lady,” he said, “thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God’s choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit, which I would not have paid to the power thou hast long undeservedly wielded—I kneel to Mary Stuart, not to the Queen.”

“The Queen and Mary Stuart pity thee alike, Lindesay,”

said Mary—"alike they pity, and they forgive thee. An honoured soldier hadst thou been by a King's side—leagued with rebels, what art thou but a good blade in the hands of a ruffian?—Farewell, my Lord Ruthven, the smoother but the deeper traitor.—Farewell, Melville. Mayst thou find matters that can understand state policy better, and have the means to reward it more richly than Mary Stuart.—Farewell, George of Douglas—make your respected grand-dame comprehend that we would be alone for the remainder of the day—God wot, we have need to collect our thoughts."

"All bowed and withdrew; but scarce had they entered the vestibule, ere Ruthven and Lindesay were at variance. "Chide not with me, Ruthven," Lindesay was heard to say, in answer to something more indistinctly urged by his colleague—"Chide not with me, for I will not brooke it!—You put the hangman's office on me in this matter, and even the very hangman hath leave to ask some pardon of those on whom he does his office. I would I had as deep cause to be this lady's friend as I have to be her enemy—thou shouldst see if I spared limb and life in her quarrel."

"Thou art a sweet minion," said Ruthven, "to fight a lady's quarrel, and all for a brawny brow and a tear in the eye! Such toys have been out of thy thoughts this many a year."

"Do me right, Ruthven," said Lindesay. "You are like a polished corslet of steel; it shines more gaudily, but it is not a whit softer—nay, it is five times harder than a Glasgow breast-plate of hammered iron. Enough, we know each other."

The Lady of Lochleven employs Roland on a mission to Kinross at the time of the revels. Here he meets with Doctor Lundin, Chamberlain there to Lady Lochleven, an eccentric sort of gentleman:—

"Formal, in a double proportion, both as a physician and as a person in office, and proud of the scraps of learning which rendered his language almost universally unintelligible, Doctor Luke Lundin approached the beach, and hailed the page as he advanced towards him,—“The freshness of the morning upon you, fair Sir; you are sent, I warrant me, to see if we observe here the regimen which her good ladyship hath prescribed, for eschewing all superstitious ceremonies and idle anilities in these our revels. I am aware that her good ladyship would willingly have altogether abolished and abrogated them, but as I had the honour to quote to her from the works of the learned Hercules of Saxony, ‘*omnis curatio est vel canonica vel coacta*,’ that is, fair sir, (for silk and velvet have seldom their Latin ad unguem,) every cure must be wrought either by art and induction of rule, or by constraint; and the wise physician chuseth the former. Which argument her ladyship being pleased to allow well of, I have made it my business so to blend instruction and caution with delight (*fiat mixtio*, as we say,) that I can answer that the vulgar mind will be defecated and purged of anile, and popish fooleries by the medicament adhibited, so that the *primæ viæ* being cleansed, Master Henderson, or any other able pastor, may at will throw in tonics, and effectuate a perfect moral cure, *tuto, cito, jucundo*.”

"I have no charge, Doctor Lundin," replied the page—

"Call me not doctor," said the chamberlain, "since I have laid aside my furred gown and bonnet, and retired me into this temporality of chamberlainship."

"O, sir," said the page, who was no stranger by report to the character of this original, "the cowl makes not the monk, neither the cord the friar—we have all heard of the cures wrought by Doctor Lundin."

"Toys, young sir—trifles," answered the leech, with grave disclamation of superior skill; "the hit-or-miss practice of a poor retired gentleman, in a short cloak and doublet.—Marry, heaven sent its blessing—and this I must say, better fashioned mediciners have brought fewer patients through—*longa robba corta scienza*, saith the Italian—ha, fair sir, you have the language?"

Here Roland encountered the lively Catherine Seyton, whom he discovered in her disguise by her dancing. She led him to Magdalen Græme, who was dressed like a witch, and passed by the name of Mother Macniven, and then sprung away. Magdalen reproaches him for renouncing his honour and abandoning his faith, and told him the love of Catherine Seyton would follow him only who should achieve the freedom of the mistress. The Abbot Ambrosius was also there, and some others, all friends of the Queen, who communicated with George Douglas in the castle, and were now devising means for her escape.

Roland, having executed his mission, returned to Lochleven. One evening, after having wandered from the castle, he was locked out by Dryfesdale, the steward, who was his enemy. He passed the night in the garden, and unfortunately defeated Douglas's attempt to rescue the Queen, thinking, upon seeing Catherine Seyton in the garden, that she had come to meet Douglass:—

"Douglas had by this time re-entered the castle by the wicket, which was now open. The stranger stood alone in the garden walk, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast impatiently up to the moon, as if accusing her of betraying him by the magnificence of her lustre. In a moment Roland Græme stood before him—"A goodly night," he said, "Mrs. Catherine, for a young lady to stray forth in disguise, and to meet with men in an orchard."

"Hush!" said the stranger page, "hush, thou foolish patch, and tell us in a word if thou art friend or foe."

"How should I be friend to one who deceives me by fair words, and who would have Douglas deal with me with his poniard?" replied Roland.

"The fiend receive George of Douglas and thee too, thou born mad-cap and sworn marplot," said the other; "we shall be discovered, and then death is the word."

"Catherine," said the page, "you have dealt falsely and cruelly with me, and the moment of explanation is now come—neither it nor you shall escape me."

"Madman!" said the stranger, "I am neither Kate nor Catherine—the moon shines bright enough surely to know the hart from the hind."

"That shift shall not serve you, fair mistress," said the page, laying hold on the lap of the stranger's cloak; "this time, at least, I will know with whom I deal."

"Unhand me," said she, endeavouring to extricate herself from his grasp, and in a tone where anger seemed to contend with a desire to laugh; "use you so little discretion towards a daughter of Seyton?"

"But as Roland, encouraged perhaps by her risibility to suppose his violence was not unpardonably offensive, kept hold on her mantle, she said, in a sterner tone of unmixed resentment,—“Madman, let me go!—there is life and death in this moment—I would not willingly hurt thee, and yet, beware!”

"As she spoke she made a sudden effort to escape, and in doing so, a pistol, which she carried in her hand or about her person, went off."

"This warlike sound instantly awakened the well-warded castle. The warder blew his horn, and began to toll the castle-bell, crying out at the same time, "Fie, treason! treason! cry all! cry all!"

"The apparition of Catherine Seyton, which the page had let loose in the first moment of astonishment, vanished in darkness, but the plash of oars was heard, and in a second or two, five or six harquebusses and a falconet were fired from the battlements of the castle successively, as if levelled at some object on the water. Confounded with these incidents, no way for Catherine's protection (supposing her to be in the boat which he had heard put from the shore) occurred to Roland, save to have recourse to George of Douglas. He hastened for this purpose towards the apartment of the Queen, whence

he heard loud voices and much trampling of feet. When he entered, he found himself added to a confused and astonished group, which, assembled in that apartment, stood gazing upon each other. At the upper end of the room stood the Queen, equipped as for a journey, and attended not only by the Lady Fleming, but by the omnipresent Catherine Seyton, dressed in the habit of her own sex, and bearing in her hand the casket in which Mary kept such jewels as she had been permitted to retain. At the other end of the hall was the Lady of Lochleven, hastily dressed, as one startled from slumber by the sudden alarm, and surrounded by domestics, some bearing torches, others holding naked swords, partizans, pistols, or such other weapons as they had caught up in the hurry of a night alarm. Betwixt these two parties stood George of Douglas, his arms folded on his breast, his eyes bent on the ground, like a criminal who knows not how to deny, yet continues unwilling to avow, the guilt in which he has been detected.

"Speak, George of Douglas," said the Lady of Lochleven; "speak, and clear the horrid suspicion which rests on thy name. Say, 'a Douglas was never faithless to his trust, and I am a Douglas.' Say this, my dearest son, and it is all I ask thee to say to clear thy name, even under such a foul charge. Say it was but the wife of these unhappy women, and this false boy, which plotted an escape so fatal to Scotland—so destructive to thy father's house."

"Madam," said old Dryfesdale the steward, "this much do I say for this silly page, that he could not be accessory to unlocking the doors, since I myself this night bolted him out of the castle. Whoever limned this night-piece, the lad's share in it seems to have been small."

"Thou liest, Dryfesdale," said the lady, "and wouldst throw the blame on thy master's house, to save the worthless life of a gipsy boy."

"His death were more desirable to me than his life," answered the steward, sullenly; "but the truth is the truth"—

At these words Douglas raised his head, drew up his figure to its full height, and spoke boldly and sedately, as one whose resolution was taken. "Let no life be endangered for me, I alone"—

"Douglas," said the Queen, interrupting him, "art thou mad? Speak not, I charge you."

"Madam," he replied, bowing with the deepest respect, "gladly would I obey your commands, but they must have a victim, and let it be the true one.—Yes, madam," he continued, addressing the Lady of Lochleven, "I alone am guilty in this matter. If the word of a Douglas has yet any weight with you, believe me that this boy is innocent; and, on your conscience, I charge you do him no wrong; nor let the Queen suffer hardship for embracing the opportunity of freedom which sincere loyalty—which a sentiment yet deeper—offered to her acceptance. Yes! I had planned the escape of the most beautiful, the most persecuted of women; and, far from regretting that I, for a while, deceived the malice of her enemies, I glory in it, and am most willing to yield up life itself in her cause."

Douglas is commanded by the queen to fly;—he escapes to the main land. Dryfesdale, after attempting in vain to seduce Roland, endeavours to poison Mary, and thus vindicates his villainy to his mother, Lady Lochleven:—

"Lindsay, Ruthven, and your kinsman Morton poniarded Rizzio, and yet you now see no blood on their embroidery—the Lord Semple stabbed the Lord of Sanquhar—does his bonnet sit a jot more awry on his brow? What noble lives in Scotland who has not had a share, for policy or revenge, in some such dealing?—and who imputes it to them? Be not cheated with names—a dagger or a draught work to the same end, and are little unlike—a glass phial imprisons the one, and a leathern sheath the other—one deals with the brain, the other sluices the blood—Yet, I say not I gave aught to this lady."

"What dost thou mean by thus dallying with me?" said the lady; "as thou wouldst save thy neck from the rope it

merits, tell me the whole truth of this story—thou hast long been known a dangerous man."

"Ay, in my master's service, I can be cold and sharp as my sword. Be it known to you, that when last on shore, I consulted with a woman of skill and power, called Nicneven, of whom the country has rung for this some brief time past. Fools asked her for charms to make them beloved, misers for means to increase their store; some demanded to know the future—an idle wish, since it cannot be altered; others would have an explanation of the past, idler still, since it cannot be recalled—I heard their queries with scorn, and demanded the means of avenging myself of a deadly enemy, for I grow old, and may trust no longer to Bilboa blade. She gave me a packet—Mix that, said she, with any liquid, and thy vengeance is complete."

"Villain! and you mixed it with the food of this imprisoned lady, to the dishonour of thy master's house?"

"To redeem the insulted honour of my master's house, I mixed the contents of the packet with the jar of succory-water; they seldom fail to drain it, and the woman loves it over all."

"It was a work of hell," said the Lady Lochleven, "both the asking and the granting.—Away, wretched man, let us see if aid be yet too late!"

The potion, which had been prepared by Magdalen Græme was, however, not a deadly one, and the Queen did not suffer by it. Lady Lochleven sends Dryfesdale from the castle, and he encounters Henry Seyton, who stabs him. Magdalen Græme comes to the castle, and on being reproached by Lady Lochleven for mixing the poison:—

"Alas!" said Magdalen Græme in reply, "and when became a Douglas or a Douglas's man so unfurnished of his means of revenge, that he should seek them at the hands of a poor and solitary woman? The towers in which your captives pine away into unpitied graves, yet stand fast on the foundation—the crimes wrought in them have not yet burst their vaults asunder—your men have still their cross-bows, pistolets, and daggers—why need you seek to herbs or charms for the execution of your revenges?"

"Hear me, foul hag," said the Lady of Lochleven,—"but what avails speaking to thee?—Bring Dryfesdale hither, and let them be confronted together."

"You may spare your retainers the labour," replied Magdalen Græme, "I came not here to be confronted with a base groom, nor to answer the interrogatories of James's heretical leman—I came to speak with the Queen of Scotland—Give place there!"

And while the Lady of Lochleven stood confounded at her boldness, and at the reproach she had cast upon her, Magdalen Græme strode past her into the bed-chamber of the Queen, and kneeling on the floor, made a salutation as if, in the Oriental fashion, she meant to touch the earth with her forehead.

"Hail, Princess!" she said, "hail daughter of many a king, but graced above them in all that thou art called to suffer for the true faith!—hail to thee, the pure gold of whose crown has been tried in the seven-times heated furnace of affliction—hear the comfort which God and our Lady send thee by the mouth of thy unworthy servant.—But first," and stooping her head she crossed herself repeatedly, and, still upon her knees, appeared to be rapidly reciting some formula of devotion.

"Seize her and drag her to the Massymore!—To the deepest dungeon with the sorceress, whose master, the Devil, could alone have inspired her with boldness enough to insult the mother of Douglas in his own castle."

The escape of the queen is well planned by Roland: the signal was given of two lights from a cottage, which indicated that all was prepared. Mary hesitated. "For God's sake, madam, droop not now, sink not now," said the faithful Roland.

"Call upon Our Lady, my Liege," said the Lady Fleming—"call upon your tutelar saint."

"Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from," exclaimed the page; "in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints."

"O! Roland Grame," said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, "be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself. My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour—O, would to God it found me prepared!"

"Madam," said Catherine Seyton, "remember you are a Queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remain here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses."

"You are right, Catherine," said the Queen; "and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture."

Mary at length escapes to a castle in West Lothian, belonging to Lord Seyton, where such nobles as had espoused her cause were introduced to her.

The Queen went into the oratory, where she met George Douglas:—

"At the sight of the Queen he started, and his countenance shewed, for an instant, an expression of intense delight, which was instantly exchanged for his usual deep melancholy."

"What means this?" she said; "Douglas, why does the first deviser and bold executor of the happy scheme for our freedom, shun the company of his fellow nobles, and of the Sovereign whom he has obliged?"

"Madam," replied Douglas, "those whom you grace with your presence bring followers to aid your cause, wealth to support your state,—can offer you halls in which to feast, and impregnable castles for your defence. I am a houseless and landless man—disinherited by my father, and laid under his malediction—disowned by my name and kindred, who bring nothing to your standard but a single sword, and the poor life of its owner."

"Do you mean to upbraid me, Douglas," replied the Queen, "by shewing what you have lost for my sake?"

"God forbid, madam," interrupted the young man, eagerly; "were it to do again, and had I ten times as much rank and wealth, and twenty times as many friends to lose, my losses would be overpaid by the first step you made, as a free princess, upon the soil of your native kingdom."

"And what then ails you, that you will not rejoice with those who rejoice upon the same joyful occasion?" said the Queen.

"Madam," replied the youth, "though exheridated and disowned, I am yet a Douglas: with most of yonder nobles my family have been in feud for ages—a cold reception amongst them were an insult—and a kind one yet more humiliating."

"For shame, Douglas," replied the Queen, "shake off this unmanly gloom!—I can make thee match for the best of them in title and fortune, and, believe me, I will—Go then amongst them, I command you."

"That word," said Douglas, "is enough—I go. This only let me say, that not for wealth or title would I have done that which I have done—Mary Stuart will not, and the Queen cannot reward me."

So saying, he left the oratory, mingled with the nobles, and placed himself at the bottom of the table.

Near the castle of Crookstone, in which the Queen held her first court after her marriage with Darnely, the Queen's party encountered some of her enemies:—

Both parties were on foot, and armed in proof; so that,

when the long lances of the front ranks were fixed in each other's shields, corslets, and breast-plates, the struggle resembled that of two bulls, who, fixing their frontlets hard against each other, remain in that posture for hours, until the superior strength or obstinacy of the one compels the other to take to flight, or bears him down to the earth. Thus locked together in the deadly struggle, which swayed slowly to and fro, as one or other party gained the advantage, those who fell were trampled on alike by friends and foes; those whose weapons were broken retired from the front rank, and had their place supplied by others; while the rearward ranks, unable otherwise to take share in the combat, fired their pistols, and hurled their daggers, and the points and truncheons of the broken weapons, like javelins against the enemy.

"God and the Queen!" resounded from the one party; "God and the King!" thundered from the other, while, in the name of their sovereign, fellow-subjects shed each other's blood, and, in the name of their Creator, defaced his image. Amid the tumult was often heard the voices of the captains, shouting their commands; of leaders and chiefs, crying their gathering words; of groans and shrieks from the falling and the dying.

The strife had lasted nearly an hour. The strength of both parties seemed exhausted, but their rage was unabated, and their obstinacy unsubdued, when Roland, who turned eye and ear to all around him, saw a column of infantry, headed by a few horsemen, wheel round the base of the bank where he had stationed himself, and, levelling their long lances, attack the flank of the Queen's vanguard, closely engaged as they were with the conflict on their front. The very first glance shewed him that the leader who directed this movement was the Knight of Avenel, his ancient master, and the next convinced him that its effect would be decisive. The result of the attack of fresh and unbroken forces upon the flank of those already wearied with a long and obstinate struggle, was, indeed, instantaneous.

The column of the assailants, which had hitherto shewn one dark, dense, and united line of helmets, surmounted with plumage, was at once broken and hurled in confusion down the hill, which they had so long endeavoured to gain. In vain were the leaders heard calling upon their followers to stand to the combat, and seen personally resisting when all resistance was evidently vain. They were slain, or felled to the earth, or hurried backwards by the mingled tide of flight and pursuit. What were Roland's feelings on beholding the rout, and feeling that all that remained for him was to turn bridle, and endeavour to ensure the safety of the Queen's person! Yet, keen as his grief and shame might be, they were both forgotten, when, almost close beneath the bank which he occupied, he saw Henry Seyton forced away from his own party in the tumult, covered with dust and blood, and defending himself desperately against several of the enemy who had gathered around him, attracted by his gay armour. Roland paused not a moment, but pushing his steed down the bank, leaped him amongst the hostile party, dealt three or four blows amongst them, which struck down two, and made the rest stand aloof; then reaching Seyton his hand, he exhorted him to seize fast on his horse's mane.

"We live or die together this day," said he; "keep but fast hold till we are out of the press, and then my horse is your's."

Seyton heard and exerted his remaining strength, and, by their joint efforts, Roland brought him out of danger, and behind the spot from whence he had witnessed the disastrous conclusion of the fight. But no sooner were they under shelter of the trees, than Seyton let go his hold, and in spite of Roland's efforts to support him, fell at length on the turf. "Trouble yourself no more with me," he said; "this is my first and my last battle—and I have already seen too much of it to wish to see the close. Hasten to save the Queen—and commend me to Catherine—she will never more be mistaken for me nor I for her—the last sword-stroke has made an eternal distinction."

"Let me aid you to mount my horse," said Roland, eagerly, "and you may yet be saved—I can find my own way on foot—turn but my horse's head westward, and he will carry you fleet and easy as the wind."

"I will never mount steed more," said the youth; "farewell—I love thee better dying, than ever I thought to have done while in life—I would that old man's blood were not on my hand—*Sancie Benedicite, ora pro me*—Stand not to look on a dying man, but haste to save the Queen."

As the Queen was on the point of recommencing her journey, she saw the dead body of her faithful George Douglas:—

"Look on these features," said Mary, pointing to the dying knight, who had been unhelmed by some compassionate hand; "look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot farther to save her wretched life."

The reader must have long anticipated the discovery, which the Queen's feelings had made before her eyes confirmed it. It was the features of the unhappy George Douglas, on which death was stamping his mark.

"Look—look at him well," said the Queen, "thus has it been with all who loved Mary Stuart!—The royalty of Francis, the wit of Chatelet, the power and gallantry of the gay Gordon, the melody of Rizzio, the portly form and youthful grace of Darnley, the bold address and courtly manners of Bothwell—and now the deep-devoted passion of the noble Douglas—nought could save them—they looked on the wretched Mary, and to have loved her was crime enough to deserve early death! No sooner had the victim formed a kind thought of me, than the poisoned cup, the axe and block, the dagger, the mine, were ready to punish them for casting away affection on such a wretch as I am.—Importune me not—I will fly no farther—I can die but once, and I will die here."

While she spoke, her tears fell fast on the face of the dying man, who continued to fix his eyes on her with an eagerness of passion, which death itself could hardly subdue.—"Mourn not for me," he said faintly, "but care for your own safety—I die a Douglas, and I die pitied by Mary Stuart!"

The Queen escapes to England, and Roland, who is discovered to be the son of Julian Avenel, and the child that was left on the field of battle, mentioned in the conclusion of the Monastery, is united to Catherine Seyton, and acknowledged the successor and lawful heir of the ancient house of Avenel.

Such is the conclusion of the 'Abbot,' a Romance which will not injure the high character of the author of 'Waverley.'

A New Series of Catechisms for the Use of Schools. By C. Irving, L. L. D. of Holyrood House Academy, Southampton.

If, half a century ago, the honourable appendage of L. L. D. to an author's name had graced his title page, it would have been considered almost a work of supererogation to have doubted whether the book to which it was prefixed were possessed of merit. We, however, know, that in this age of imposture, merit is *not* an indispensable qualification to obtain the degree of Doctor of Laws, or any other degree, indeed, from a Scotch college; and, therefore, we venture to look rather more minutely into the works of these *literati* than our ancestors might have done; for, however besprinkled with honorary abbreviation a little title-page may be, it is with us by no means a proof that the person who claims them possesses talent,—we must have *internal evidence* of the fact; for we are well aware that any man, with a five pound note in his pocket, may be entitled to the privilege of subjoining L. L. D. to his cognomen, or, if necessary, all the letters of the alpha-

bet. The witty author of the 'Heir at Law,' seems to have understood the secret, and appreciated its value, when he dubbed poor *Panglos* with the title of 'L. L. D. and A double S.'

It is not long since we had occasion to notice the very useful and instructive series of books for the use of schools, entitled 'PINNOCK'S CATECHISMS,' the intrinsic value of which entitled them to our warmest commendation; and it was but fair to presume that the 'New Series,' said to be written by this 'learned doctor,' would have been equally intitled to honourable mention. We accordingly procured four, in order to try them by the touchstone of fair criticism, and to bestow on them that measure of praise or censure which they might deserve.

1st. '*A Geographical Catechism of England and Wales, &c.*' We remember, that among the Catechisms published by Messrs. Pinnock and Maunders, we were much pleased with the one on 'British Geography;' and as critics, like other men, judge by comparison, we could not resist the force of custom,—but instinctively turned to our book-shelf, to see in what respects they differed, that we might be enabled to award the palm, as Alexander bequeathed his crown, 'to the most worthy.' We found the original work copious in information, though small in bulk, systematically arranged, and written in that pleasing and familiar style so characteristic of 'Pinnock's' Series; whereas, in the Geographical Catechism of England and Wales under review, we meet with nothing but common place observations, huddled together without order or system, unenlivened by genius, and deficient in the ordinary requisites of a school-book,—correctness and perspicuity.

We would willingly spare ourselves the trouble of pointing out gross errors, and our readers the task of perusing them, were it not our duty to illustrate our previous remarks by examples; a few, however, will serve as a specimen.

In page 10, after saying, (very truly,) that *England* contains forty counties, and that *Wales* contains twelve, this new catechist puts the following question to his pupil:—

'Q. Which are the northern counties of *England*?'

To which the pupil sagaciously replies:—

'A. The northern counties of ENGLAND are Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, *Flintshire!* *Anglesea!* *Denbighshire!* *Caernarvonshire!* Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, *Merionethshire!* Shropshire, and Rutlandshire.'

To a similar question respecting the middle counties of *England*, he says,—

'A. The middle counties of ENGLAND are Leicestershire, Norfolk, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, *Radnorshire!* *Cardiganshire!* Suffolk, Herefordshire, *Pembrokeshire!* *Caermarthenshire!* *Brecknockshire!* Gloucestershire, and Bedfordshire.'

Nay, so determined is this *Aberdeen Doctor* to deprive poor *Cambria* of her local habitation, (on the ground, we should suppose, that as there is no *Prince of Wales*, so there ought to be no *principality*;) that among the southern counties of *England* he thrusts *Glamorganshire!* while her sister of *Montgomery* is barbarously banished from Britain altogether!

But, in serious reasoning, is it not worse than a prodigal waste of paper and print, that so much pains should be taken by an L. L. D. in trying to persuade the rising gene-

ration, that although twelve counties belonged to Wales, when he began to write his Catechism; yet that, by the magic of his geographical wand, the very principality of Wales should sink into St. George's Channel, and its counties spring up promiscuously in that part of South Britain called England!

We should only be conferring importance on such a compilation were we to take it up more in detail; for the same kind of incongruity reigns throughout the books. Thus, for instance, instead of arranging the English counties according to the circuits, and dividing Wales, (which we insist on *does really exist*, although it vanished from the *Doctor's* sight,) into North and South, the learner of British geography is led from Cheshire to Flintshire, from Staffordshire to Merionethshire, from Cardiganshire to Suffolk, and from Glamorganshire to Berkshire; for, incredible as it may appear, this is the order, or rather the *disorder*, in which the counties succeed each other. What a charming method of *simplifying* the most simple part of the science of geography! What an intimate acquaintance is here displayed with the knowledge of one's native country! We expect that this scene-shifting author will absolutely astonish the world by his wondrous powers of locomotion, when he exhibits to public view, as his advertisements promise, his geography of the four quarters of the globe.

2. *A Catechism of Grecian Antiquities, &c.*—If we were before tired of noticing absurdities, we are now absolutely disgusted with the most barefaced plagiarisms;—this Catechism, which professes to treat of the manners, customs, &c. of the Greeks, being taken by whole sentences from the introductory chapters prefixed to 'Pinnock's Edition of Dr. Goldsmith's History of Greece.' Those who are fond of detecting impostors, will have a rich treat if they will take the trouble to compare the two; it is our business, however, to show our authority for the assertion:—

PINNOCK'S Edition.

Intro p. 37. 'The temples, statues, and altars were accounted so sacred, that to many of them the privilege of protecting malefactors was granted: so that when a criminal fled to them, it was accounted an act of sacrilege,' &c.

P. 37. 'Of the different orders of priests, it is impossible to give an exact account, as not only every god had a different order of priests, but even the same god in different places,' &c.

P. 39. 'When sacrificing to the celestial gods, their colour was purple; to the infernal gods they sacrificed in black,' &c.

P. 39. 'The victim was led or driven to the altar without force or violence; the priest, then, turning to the right hand, went round it, and sprinkled it with meal and holy water, as also those who were present,' &c.

THE DOCTOR'S CATECHISM.

P. 55. 'The temples, statues, and altars were accounted so sacred, that many of them had the privilege of protecting malefactors: so that when they fled to them, it was sacrilege,' &c.

P. 56. 'Of the different orders of Grecian priests, no exact account can be given, as not only every god had a different order, but even the same god in different places,' &c.

P. 57. 'When sacrificing to the celestial gods, their colour was purple; to the infernal gods they sacrificed in black,' &c.

P. 58. 'The victim was led or driven to the altar without violence; then the priest, turning to the right hand, went round and sprinkled it with meal and holy water, as also those who were present,' &c.

Notwithstanding the source is almost inexhaustible, yet it is truly tiresome to proceed in this way, and we beg pardon of our readers for devoting so much space to the subject; but it is proper that the public should know what contemptible arts are played off by these LL. D.'s, and that what is called the 'sanction of a real name' is often nothing more or less than impudent quackery.

We cannot, however, forbear to give one passage more, as a specimen of the *Doctor's piratical ingenuity*:—

PINNOCK'S, p. 40. 'The parts of the victim selected for the gods were the thighs; these were covered with fat, that the whole might be consumed; for except all were burned, the sacrifice was not considered as accepted by the gods.' The rest served to furnish a feast to the sacrificer and his friends.'

THE DOCTOR, p. 59. 'The parts of the victims selected for the gods were the thighs; these were covered with fat, so that the whole might be consumed*. The rest furnished a feast to the sacrificer and his friends.'

* NOTE. 'For except all were burned, the sacrifice was not considered as accepted by the gods.'

So that, if we only read the *Doctor's* NOTE at the place where he puts his * in the text, we have the stolen paragraph complete.

What an admirable Catechism would this *Doctor* write on the art of TRANSPOSITION, (*alias*, cabbaging.)

Errors may be forgiven, but it would be glaring injustice in us to pass over that most dishonourable species of plunder, denominated *literary piracy*. We consider it to be the duty of an honest reviewer, to protect literary property, and to hold all brain-stealing rogues up to public contempt; for, although *theft* was reckoned a *virtue* in the school of Lysurgus, we trust it will never be so considered in Britain. We intended to have noticed the other two Catechisms, one on Roman antiquities, the other on Mythology. Our limits at present, however, forbid it; but should this book-making mania be continued, we mean occasionally to watch the *Doctor's* motions. No daw shall strut in borrowed plumage, if we know it, without being accountable to the owner for his feathers.

N. B. As it is possible, (though not very probable,) that some persons may confound the name of the author of 'The Elements of Composition,' (Dr. Irving's,) with that of the newly dubbed *Doctor*, we beg to observe, that though their surnames are alike, there the similarity ends: we consider a notice of this sort indispensable, as men of real genius have ere now suffered from such a circumstance, while many an illiterate fellow has for a while avoided the shaft of ridicule, or escaped a well-earned critical castigation.

Hamoniere's New Pocket Dictionary, French and English, and English and French. Revised by C. B. Whitaker, formerly of the University of Gottingen. 18mo. pp. 389. London, 1820.

DICTIONARIES, like other books, increase in their number, and the etymologies of languages are, shall we say, too frequently varied, more according to customary imitation than radical derivation.

Dictionaries have appeared with various pretensions; some of them have deserved approbation for their claims to accuracy and utility; others for their superior style of execution.

The moderns enjoy a privilege which could not be en-

joyed by the ancients, *videlicet*, that of carrying books in their pockets, which, we presume, though not so large as those of the 'sage students' of yore, are quite large enough to answer the purpose. We rarely have occasion to consult the unwieldy tomes of three feet by two; and the merit of present publications, too often consists in large margins and superficial writing.

Mr. Hamoniere's dictionary, however, has the advantage of being 'pocketable,' as Mr. Wordsworth would say; it contains 12,000 words more than any other pocket dictionary, and we can safely and conscientiously recommend it as an elegant, instructive, and accurate companion.

A Guide to the Stars; being an easy method of knowing the relative Positions of all the principal Fixed Stars, from the First to the Third Magnitude, in either Hemisphere, particularly those that are useful for finding the Longitude and Latitude at Sea. By Henry Brooke. 4to. pp. 101. London, 1820.

DOCTOR YOUNG says, in his 'Night Thoughts,' that 'stars teach as well as shine,' and we believe it.

In most of our respectable academies, the elevating science of astronomy is liberally taught; and it is a most pleasing duty to us, to read works which introduce us simply and mathematically into the elements and sublimity of the vast universe.

Mr. Brooke is 'a guide to the stars,' and he leads us through the 'argent realms' like a traveller who is intimate with them; we are fed on our way with valuable instruction; our curiosity is satisfied as we advance, and our principles are corrected by demonstrative problems.

Twelve copper plates, illustrative of the science, are given, and in addition to what we have said, we conceive that Mr. B. keeps 'the word of promise with his title;' and all literary and scientific guides will do well to imitate his fidelity.

Original Communications.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER OF A CORRESPONDENT, AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.]

MY DEAR * * *,—Yesterday having concluded my voyage on sea, our anchor being cast in Saldanha Bay, from which we are to be located about 80 miles inland, on the banks of Oliphant's river, in a valley called Clan William, I hasten to satisfy your anxiety by detailing all that has occurred to me since we parted on Christmas day last. With a heavy heart I trudged to Deptford.

'On the 29th the East Indian sailed, and on the 7th of January cast anchor in Cove of Cork, after a very pleasant passage, during the whole of which I was sea-sick, and comforted only by the ladies.

'In Cove, I was taken from this ship to be made surgeon of the *Fanny*, and, after a length of preparation and one or two useless attempts, we finally bade adieu to the British islands on the 12th of February. We reached the Cape de Verd islands, and anchored in Port Prayo, Saint Jago, or Jago, on Saturday March 4th. You may ask if I saw any curiosities previous to this?—to which I can only say, some seapigs, or porpuses; excepting these, the

wonders of the great deep were all hid beneath it. But here, on landing, we found curiosities enough;—first ripe oranges, a fruit of which you, in England, can have no idea; bananas, a fruit looking like a moderate sized cucumber, but eating like a pear,—they grow in bunches of 100 or more, on each branch of the tree; pumpkins, tamarinds, water melons, sugar canes, pine apples, figs, and every good thing of the fruit kind, we found in a valley about five miles inland, though all the coast and the road to the valley was rock-sand, and as bare as the horse road of Hyde Park. Monkeys of a pretty kind; paroquets and canary birds were frequently seen. We saw the press they use for extracting the sugar, and a still of the simple form, for making rum, which latter was at work; a very few flowers, and one or two shells of singular shape were also found; a cotton ground, and a grove of cocoa nut trees, were objects of great curiosity to us; but of all things, the Portuguese soldiers were the most deserving notice,—they were nearly all blacks, and scarcely two of them in twenty were properly accoutred;—one had a gun without a flint in the lock, another had a flint tied across the front to keep it from falling out or striking fire, should the awkward handler chance to draw the trigger; and for dress, not two articles properly belonged to any one, and very few had shoes; they would pay any thing for old clothes; a coat, which a London Jew would not give two shillings for, brought five dollars to one of our men; knives and needles were also in great request.

'Thanks to the goodness of the gentlemen with whom I sailed, I partook of every good thing the place afforded. Indeed, I have, under Providence, been greatly favoured in this respect, for, during the whole voyage, I had fowl and fresh meat nearly every day, with plenty of potatoes, wine, bottled porter, and spruce beer, and plumb puddings too, whenever I chose to *make them*.

'On the 16th of March, we passed the Line, which cost me a gallon of rum. The next day being St. Patrick's day, was kept gaily by all Irishmen, (myself and another being the only Englishmen on board,) which I was prevented from enjoying by professional duty, which kept me employed from five o'clock in the evening to the same hour in the morning, when a fine girl repaid my attention and her mother's pain.

On the 19th, we discovered the East Indian, a little to the windward of us; she lay to, and we soon came up with her; this was considered a singular event, that two ships should set sail together, be separated, and then meet nearly 1000 miles from land, midway of their journey. We held company a few days and then were separated again. We caught a shark on the 20th, which we eat with great satisfaction; it measured about 10 feet in length, and 3 feet across the tail. Another day, we tied a heavy lead to an empty quart bottle, which was corked, sealed, and fastened in every way we could to keep out the water; we then let it sink 50 fathom down in the sea, it being calm, and on drawing it up again, found it corked as close as ever, but closely filled with sea water. A smaller vial, with a glass stopper, being closely sealed, was put in a bag and let down in the same manner, but when the bag was drawn up, the bottle was reduced to dust, by the violent pressure of the water. We saw some large birds on our way, whose wings must have measured 10 or 12 feet from one point to the opposite; but what astonished me, at the moment, more than any thing, was, one morning observing the sun going round the same starry

way, to which it does, on your side of the world, this, it now does every day.

'On Sunday, the 26th of April, we met the first Cape pigeon, a bird resembling a pigeon in shape, of speckled plumage, very pretty, and measuring two to three feet, from the point of one wing to the other, and, but that we were becalmed, we should have made the Cape the next morning; a contrary wind then blew us some way back again, but we made the Cape early on the morning of the 1st of May, and landed at Simmon's Bay, at 7 o'clock at night, where we found the East Indian had arrived only the night previous. Next morning, we went on shore, (that is, certain principal persons, the ships being under a formal quarantine,) and were well pleased with the appearance of the place, but annoyed by the dearness of most of the articles we required;—mutton being the only thing cheap; viz. about two-pence per pound, and very good; the beef is horrid and tough. The country appeared to be mountainous and rocky, but every spot on which cultivation has been attempted yields abundantly.

'On Wednesday morning, I set off for Cape Town, distant 24 miles, the expense of which jaunt was eight shillings.

'Many are discouraged by the unpromising appearance of the land, but having seen what industry could produce on the barren rock, the island of St. Jago, and in passing to Cape Town, having made inquiry of several, I am very certain I shall do well if I can overcome the first difficulties, and that I do not fear accomplishing.

'We left Simmon's Bay for this on Sunday last, and though the distance is only about 80 miles, did not get in until yesterday noon, Friday 19th, and only observing that, at the mouth of the harbour, we met flights of sea birds of more than a 1000 each, and an island so completely covered with them as to appear alive; pelicans, albatros, gulls, penguins, &c. &c. as to astonish all eyes.

'Many curiosities of the country I have not yet had time to examine and describe. At Cape Town, in a public repository, I saw a noble lion, two lionesses, a hyena, a tyger, jackall, an ostrich, and a wolf, all natives, but which I do not expect to meet where I am going, as the country all through is inhabited.

'Mr. P. has been up to view the ground to which he was appointed, and finds it a paradise, but not large enough for all who are ordered to it. The climate is beautiful; if it rains two days together, it is thought terribly bad weather, although in the winter. Game is plentiful, but the expense of travelling very great.

'Tell my friends they are never absent from the memory of their faithful friend, and dear * * *, your's affectionately,
J. A.

ON THE COPY-RIGHT ACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—It is much to be wondered at, that since the very able Report of the Committee on the proposed repeal of that part of the Copyright Act which empowers the Universities in the United Kingdom to demand eleven copies of every book that issues from the press, no legislative steps have been since adopted; and although, in the excited state of the public mind, and occupied as the Parliament is by one all-engrossing subject, the present moment may not be an auspicious one for its discussion, I

trust the law will not be allowed to remain much longer without some amelioration.

Upon a perusal of the Report alluded to, in which is inserted the evidence given by some of the most respectable publishers in the Metropolis, on the subject, there surely can be but one opinion, that this enactment (which no doubt was passed into a law from the best and most liberal motives,) has, in fact, in its operation, greatly tended to restrict and discourage the pursuits of literary and scientific men, to cramp the spirit of enterprize among booksellers, and to injure, in no slight degree, the cause of literature generally; insomuch, as it has been clearly proved, that this oppressive tax is the sole cause of many valuable works being withheld from the public; and although it is urged, in defence of the Universities, that the interests of learning are much aided and benefited by the privilege granted by this statute to these learned seminaries, yet it is not very easy, reasoning on the same principle, to assign a cause for the rapacity with which copies of every book entered at Stationers' Hall, however destitute of talent or value in itself, are insisted on by them. Whether the *mass* of novels, poetry, and *music* thus demanded, grace the libraries of the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and Dublin, I know not; but in Scotland it is matter of common report, that the learned bodies there condescend to drive a traffic in these publications. Indeed, in one of the most northern of the Universities, it is notorious (nor have I ever heard it *there* denied) that a great proportion of the books sent to it under this statute, are immediately disposed of! Surely the intentions of the legislature are thus completely frustrated, for it could not have been their object, in passing this act, to levy a contribution on literary property for the purpose of increasing the revenues of these institutions. Dr. Johnson's sarcastic reply to the complaint made to him, on his visit to Scotland, by a Professor of one of the Universities, of the scantiness of its funds, is well known:—'Never mind,' said he, 'never mind, Doctor, you will acquire riches BY DEGREES.' And I would ask, is not the disgraceful sale to any applicant, of those honours which ought to be the reward of genius and learning, and for the practice of which the Universities in Scotland have become almost 'a bye word and scorn,' fit to be put in comparison with the meanness of applying the munificent designs of Parliament to purposes of so contrary a nature to its evident intentions?

I hope these few observations may have the effect of reviving the public interest on this important subject, and am, Sir, your's, &c.
C. P. F.

London, Sept. 2, 1820.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

[The following quaint description of this annual scene of riot and confusion, is copied from a tract entitled, 'Bartholomew Faire; or, Variety of Fancies, where you may find a Faire of Ware, and all to please your Mind, with the several enormities and misdemeanours, which are there scene and acted. London: Printed for Richard Harper, at the Bible and Harpe, in Smithfield, 1641.']

'LET us now make a progresse into Smithfield, which is the heart of the faire, where in my heart I think there are more motions in a day to be scene, then are in a terme in Westminster Hall to be heard. But whilst you take notice of the severall motions there, take this caution along

with you, let one eye watch narrowly that no one's hand make a motion into your pocket, which is the next way to move you to impatience.

'The faire is full of gold and silver drawers; just as Lent is to the fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Faire to the pick-pocket; it is high harvest, which is never bad, but when his cart goes up Holborne.

'The citty marshals are as dreadful to these yongsters, as the plague is to our London actors; that restrains them from playing, and they hinder these from working; you may quickly know these nimble youths, and likely find them very busy-bodies in quarrells, which nothing concerne them, and sometimes in discourse with their wenches.

'Some of your cut-purses are in fee with cheating costermongers, who have a trick now and then to throw downe a basket of refuse pears, which prove choke pears to those that shall lose their hats and cloaks in striving who shall gather fastest. They have many dainty bits to draw a bit, and (if you be not vigilant) you shall hardly escape their nets; fine fowlers they are, for every finger of theirs is a lime twigge, with which they catch dotterels. They are excellently well read in physiognomy; for they will know how strong you are in the purse by looking in your face.

Original Poetry.

RESIGNATION.

'Happy the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that chequer life,
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the supreme.'—COWPER.

On happiness! thou sunny-fleeting good,
How dost thou lead, through flowery mazes wide,
The minions of thy train; and, with the golden
Bait of pleasure, lure the unconscious
Victim to thy grasp destructive, only
To make his after-state more wretched. For,
Though in the drapery of bewitching joy
Thou'rt clad, how weak, unstable thy support!
When the dark surges of affliction foam
With threatenings terrific; then, in the des'prate grasp
Of mortal wretchedness consummate, thy
Gaudy trappings break from their boasted hold,
And plunge the soul in grief unutterable!
Then comes hope, whose cheerful aspect gently lulls
The watchful guard, which might perchance, but
For this blind, the smoothly pointed speech or
Luring smile suspect; yet hope the mind may
Many a year divert, and in the ear, full
Anxious, pour the balmy sound of days
And state more happy than have ever been;
Thus firmly fixing the mind's trust on its
Translucent dream. Now lifts the soul on wings
Of eagle height, and through the regions
Of celestial day soars in one constant
Strain of sweet expectancy; then quickly
Hurls it down to realms of dark despair.
For hope, though call'd the '*anchor of the soul*,'
Full oft in difficulty's hour may fail,
Nor yield one balm to ease the troubled breast.
From whichever source, or hope or pleasure's
Anchor the man expects the wish'd support,

'Tis disappointment all, and misery.

E'en though they intertwine their vaunted joys,
And form a lovely phalanx, whose beauty
So bedeck'd with hues, might stand array'd
Against the mingled dyes of peacock's splendour,
And fair Iris' bow; yet stability
They've none; not e'en a single plank in the
Broad ocean of his misery drifted, on which
The poor sinking mortal his weight of woes
May venture. No zephyr, that wafts the breath
Of morn, or sweetly steals the perfum'd fragrance
From nature's flowery tablet, is half so
Weak, so slender, in its substance, as the
Fictitious firmness of such works as these!

Where, then, shall human misery seek for
Help, when the rough billows of tempestuous
Woe assail his grief-worn heart, and sink his
Defenceless frame? Where find that safe-guide,
Which buoys the back of mortal life on ev'ry wave,—
Dares the black sea of stern adversity,—
Still with propelling force each obstacle
Far off removes, and brings with crowded sail
The vessel to her wish'd-for haven? What,
And where is that imperishable rock,
Which shall survive the very wreck of doom?
'Tis by him alone to be approach'd, who,
In the sole dependence confident on
Providence supreme, looks through the dark
And dreary-veiling mantle of his woes,
And trusts, that though, with scowling darkness, night
The world o'ershades, the morrow's rising dawn
Shall but increase the bright effulgence of
The present hidden and o'ercurtain'd orb.

Ah! could the poor misguided wretch, whom sharp
Affliction's smarting task, or weighty cares,
Poverty, or black crime, drive to that last,
That fatal act of desperation,—
Suicide,—that heinous and unlawful
Sin, whose dread commission taints e'en heaven's
Porch most sacred, with an effluvia
Offensive and most rank;—could he but view
The brighter side of that vile instrument, (be
It what it may,) while in his strong fatal
Hold, it still suspended hangs o'er his now
Victim head, and on that dark and awful
Verge, rouse his lethargic soul; then would he,
In the clear vision of reliance firm,
Joyously grasp the proffered life-preserving
Scheme, which credence in an over-ruling
Power displays to wretched man. This,
And this alone, that adamant guard,
Which, like an all-defending coat of mail,
Preserves the wearer through each conflict sore,
And proves the strongest bulwark 'gainst the thrusts
And ravages of time's destroying power.

Here, then, be my ev'ry confidence and
Trust reposed; here with implicit faith
My best, my dearest interests and hopes;
Let me embark, and fearless brave the rough
And foaming ocean of life's enterprise
Most hazardous;—here every stream of doubt
And fear shall mingle and be lost for ever
In the vast depth of fullest certainty.
Then let o'erwhelming troubles round this weak
Tenement, hurl with tremendous force their
Fierce and flaming lightnings; let the sounding
Peal of thousand thunders burst with a voice
Like the volcanic shriek of Etna's mount,
Firm would I stand amidst each howling blast,
And patient wait the bright succeeding calm!
Thus, be the woe or light or ponderous

I'd boldly face it; view each pending ill
As the fair type and harbinger of bliss
And peace, and trace through ev'ry chaste frown,
And dispensation dark, some cheering gleam
Of undefined good.

And when that last
And solemn hour shall come, when from mine eyes
Each scene of earthly grief or bliss shall merge in night
For ever,—when the grim tyrant, cloth'd in
The grisly grandeur of his power, shall aim
The fatal shaft, with eagerness I'll seize
The sharpened barb, and to my naked heart
With rapture give it conduct. While every
Swelling faculty of soul should this record
Bear:—If through each chequered wayward
Path of life, my every only source of
Happiness and peace, my strong sheet-anchor
Through each whirlwind storm, has centred
In a Providence supreme, I will not
Falter now, but, with exultation say,
Sure there's a God, who'll save me when I die!

1820.

L.

MAID OF GWYNETH, A CAMBRIAN MELODY.

Bless'd is he who calls thee bride,
Dark eyed maid of Gwyneth,
Pleasure must with him abide
Who thy favour winneth.

Maiden with the flowing hair,
Black as yonder raven,
He who doth thy favour wear
In war must be no craven.

Hail to thee, whose breast of snow
Holds a heart so tender;
One alone our hills below
Can be thy defender.

Owen's son above can be
Lov'd by thee sincerely;
None like him in soul are free,
None can love so dearly.

Bless'd is he who calls thee bride,
Dark eyed maid of Gwyneth,
Pleasure must with him abide
Who thy favour winneth.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. Kean is now in the last twelve nights of his performances previous to his crossing the Atlantic. It would show a great want of dramatic taste in the public, were this powerful actor not well attended, especially as we believe he never sustained the respective characters with greater ability than at the present moment. His *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Duke of Gloucester*, and *Brutus*, will long be remembered by all who witnessed Mr. Kean in them. After these performances are concluded, we understand the Theatre will be closed for a few weeks, in order to make such alterations in the house as Mr. Elliston thinks may improve it. Reducing the size of the audience part to its proper limits would, however, be the best alteration that could be made, but this we fear we must not expect at present.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy, in three acts, entitled, *Bond Street in the Dog Days*, has been

produced at this theatre. It is a translation of *Les Etourdis*, a French piece, from the pen of M. Andrieu, which has been very popular in Paris. The story is this:—A dashing young gentleman being in town, is obliged to secrete himself in an hotel from his creditors. While he is thus confined, a friend of his suddenly cheers his drooping spirits by announcing a supply of cash, which he had raised by the extravagant scheme of writing to the uncle of the captive, that his nephew was dead and buried, and sending an account of the funeral expenses paid by his surviving friend. The uncle's steward instantly remits the amount, and thus the money is raised. The uncle soon arrives at the hotel with a love-sick daughter, in deep mourning, and encounters his nephew, whom he forgives and rewards with the hand of his niece, to whom he had long been attached. This piece is like most of those produced at this theatre, between comedy and farce. The dialogue is chaste and animating, and clap-traps, bad puns, and stale jokes, are carefully avoided. Some of the scenes are rather too vulgar, particularly where Timothy (J. Russell), sings a bad song descriptive of pugilism. The principal parts were admirably sustained by Messrs. Terry, Jones, and Liston, and Mrs. Mardyn; and the piece was completely successful.

The author, or the 'doer into English' of this piece is a lady resident in Jamaica.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—A new opera was produced at this theatre on Monday night, entitled *Baron Trenck*, and founded on the well known adventures and misfortunes of that victim of tyranny. The author has discovered much skill in adapting the subject to the stage: the songs are generally good, and the music, composed by Reeve, is really beautiful. Mr. T. P. Cooke as the Baron, and Miss Kelly (the inimitable Miss Kelly) as a boy attendant, gave great effect to their respective characters. The other parts of the opera were well supported, and it was eminently successful.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

M. Salandiere, physician, has invented an instrument to serve as a succedaneum for leeches. It possesses considerable advantages; measuring exactly the quantity of blood to be taken, causing the fluid to move with greater or less rapidity on a determinate scale, and producing an effect called by the physicians *resolving*, much superior to the leech. It has nothing to disgust, like those animals, excites little or no pain, and it may be used in all countries and at all seasons.

The Eclipse.—The eclipse of the sun on Thursday was larger than any that will be visible on this part of the globe previous to the solar eclipse, which will happen in the year 1847. The particulars of this eclipse as calculated for the meridian of Greenwich, are as follow, viz.:—Beginning of the eclipse, 0 h. 29 min. 25 sec. p.m.; visible conjunction, 1 h. 55 min. 40 sec.; true ecliptic conjunction, 1 h. 56 min. 48 sec.; greatest obscuration, 2 h. 58 min. 10 sec.; eclipse ends, 3 h. 21 min. 55 sec.; total duration of the eclipse, about 2 h. 52 min. 30 sec.; digits eclipsed, 10 deg. 50 min. on the sun's north limb.

Owing to the moon's being nearly at her greatest distance from the earth, her apparent diameter was less than that of the sun; consequently, where central, a beautiful annulus, or ring of light, must have presented itself, of about one 29th part of the sun's diameter, surrounding the moon's dark body; but in no part of Great Britain could this appearance be visible. The central eclipse commenced at 12 h. 54 m. 40 sec. apparent time at Greenwich, in lat. 81 deg. 39 min. 30 sec. north; and

long. 149 deg. 33 min. west of Greenwich. The sun was centrally eclipsed on the meridian at 1 h. 8 min. 15 sec. in lat. 76 deg. 6 min. 20 sec. north; and long. 17 deg. 3 min. 20 sec. west. According to this calculation, it traversed the supposed polar basin, and the north-west coast of Greenland, the object of so much curiosity at the present time; so that if the discovery ships, which sailed in 1818, viz., the Dorothea, Captain Buchan and Lieut. Morrell, and the Trent, Lieuts. Franklin and Beechey, to the Pole direct, should chance to be in those parts, they may probably have observed the eclipse in those high northern latitudes, as may also the navigators returning from the Greenland whale fishery, should they not be home at the time.

It is calculated that the centre of the moon's shadow, after quitting the coast of Greenland, would pass a little to the west of Mayness's Island; the ice proceed up the North Sea, about midway between the Shetland Isles and the coast of Norway, leaving every part of Britain to the west; thence cross the continent of Europe, between Embden and the Weser, and in crossing the Confederation of the Rhine, pass by Cassel, Wurtzburgh, and Munich. It would thence cross a part of Italy, and enter the Gulf of Venice, between Venice and Trieste, and proceeding in its track leave the Island of Tremiti a little to the west. Thence crossing the keel of Italy, it would enter the Mediterranean, passing over the Gulf of Tarento, leaving the coast of Morea and Candia about a degree to the east; whence it would enter Egypt, passing by the city of Alexandria, leaving the Egyptian Pyramids a little to the south, and thence it would pass over Grand Cairo, and the north end of the Red Sea: it would then enter Arabia, and finally leave the earth near the Persian Gulf, at 3 h. 8 min. 10 sec. in lat. 27 deg. 10 min. 30 sec. north, and long. 46 deg. 2 min. east of Greenwich: total duration of the central eclipse 2 h. 13 min. 30 sec. The general eclipse commenced at 11 h. 23 min. in lat. 59 deg. 43 min. north, and long. 90 deg. 50 min. west; and it is reckoned would finally leave the earth at 4 h. 39 min. 45 sec. in lat. 3 deg. 21 min. north, and long. 20 deg. 25 min. east; total duration of the general eclipse to the inhabitants of the earth 5 h. 16 min. 45 sec.

The duration of the annular eclipse could not at any particular place exceed six minutes of time.

The eclipse must have been annular, or the whole body of the moon appeared on the sun's disc, over a space of about 150 miles in breadth, on each side of the central line.

And where the eclipse was of the magnitude of 11 digits and one-tenth, the obscuration was as great as if central. This eclipse, after traversing the *expansium* from the creation of the world, first came in at the South Pole, about 88 years after the Conquest, or in the last of King Stephen's reign, since which time it has proceeded more northerly, and will finally leave the earth at the North Pole, A.D. 2090, whence no more returns of this eclipse will take place from the latter period, till after a revolution of 12,300 years.

The Bee.

*Florifer's ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Matrimonial Advertisement.—[From a New York Paper.] Wanted,—A young lady, about seventeen or twenty-one years of age, as a wife; she must be well acquainted with the necessary accomplishments of such; she must understand washing and ironing, baking bread, making good coffee, roasting beef, veal, &c. boneing a fowl, broiling a fish, making tarts, plum pudding, and desserts of all kinds, preserving fruits and pickles, expert with the needle, keeping a clean and snug house; must know reading, writing, and arithmetic; never have been in the habit of attending the ball rooms; she must have been taught true and genuine principles of religion, and a member in a church of good standing. She must not be addicted to making too free use of her tongue, such as repeat-

ing any report that is injurious to her neighbour; of using taunting language to any person about her house. Any lady finding herself in possession of the above accomplishments will please address to Alphonso. It will not be required that she should exercise all those requisites, unless a change in fortune should take place, at which time it will be necessary, in order to live with such economy as to prevent a trespass on our friends, whose frowns and caprices we otherwise must endure, what every man of noble mind will despise. At present, she shall have a coach and four at her command, servants in abundance, a house furnished in the first modern style; shall always be treated with that tender affection which female delicacy requires, and nothing shall be wanting that will be necessary to contribute to her happiness.

Slavery.—The following advertisement is copied from the Washington National Intelligencer of March 25, 1820. 'Two Negro girls for sale; one of 18 years of age; she is an excellent chamber-maid and a good house servant. The other of 14 or 15, and is well accustomed to house-work for one of her age. They are both to be sold for life in the district or vicinity.' Apply to D. Bates, auctioneer.

An infallible Remedy against Lying.—Addressed to all good families.—A Chinese silversmith, to whom the English have given the name of Tom Workwell, brought home some *silver spoons*, as he called them, to a captain of a ship who had ordered them. The gentleman suspecting that his friend Tom had played him a trick, common in China, of adding a small quantity of tutenague to the usual proportion of alloy, taxed him with the cheat, which he denied with the strongest asseverations of his innocence. The captain then told him, that he had brought with him a famous water, called *lye-water*, which being placed on the tongue of a person suspected of telling an untruth, if the case were so, burned a hole in it, if otherwise, the party escaped with honour, and unhurt. Tom, thinking it a trick, readily consented; upon which, with much form, a single drop of aqua fortis was put upon his tongue; he instantly jumped about the room in violent pain, crying out, 'very true, half tutenague, half tutenague,' in hopes that confessing the fact might stop the progress of the *lye-water*, which, from the pain he felt, he had some reason to think possessed the quality ascribed to it. Several Europeans, who were present, and who had bought different pieces of plate from him, now put similar questions to him, and he confessed that it had been his uniform and constant practice to add a very large quantity of tutenague to every article made at his shop, for which, during the continuance of the pain, he promised ample reparation.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The 'Instructress,' No. I, and the letter of Mythologus, in our next. E. M.'s valuable contribution to our department of Londiniana, shall have early insertion.

The letter of J. W. Jun. came too late for insertion last week, and it would now be out of season; we are, however, happy to find that J. W. perfectly agrees with us on the subject.

W. T. is not forgotten.

'Separation' as soon as we can make room for it.

If the Poems which have fallen into the hands of R. Rosebud, are not much better than the specimens he has sent, the former possessor has duly estimated their worth in sending them to a cheesemonger, for to him they must be of some value.

The unusual length of our notice of 'The Abbot' has excluded several articles intended for this number.

Erratum: The Poem entitled, 'Maternal Affection,' in p. 558, was by mistake subscribed 'Y. F.' instead of J. R. P.

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